

BANDON RECORDER.

Silencing the Questioners. A French gentleman who had been with M. de Talleyrand for twenty years accompanied him to the congress at Vienna after Napoleon's exile to Elba.

"Very well," finally said Talleyrand's confidant, "I'll tell you a peculiar and altogether unknown fact in connection with M. de Talleyrand. Since Louis XVI, he's the only man who can open a soft boiled egg with one backward stroke of his knife without spilling a drop of the contents of the shell. That's the only peculiarity I know in connection with him."

Discretion had scored a decisive victory. From that moment the questions ceased.

Political Fences. "The political expression 'keeping your fences fixed,'" said an old campaigner, "is due to a remark once made by Senator John Sherman."

"It was at a time when the senator had amassed the most of his fortune. He had a farm near his home town, and while preparing to drive out to it one afternoon he was accosted by a book agent, who labored hard to sell one of his books. Mr. Sherman was not in a mood to make any such purchases, and he finally silenced the man by saying: 'I can't afford to buy your book. It takes all my money to keep my fences fixed.'"

"In reality Mr. Sherman referred to the fences on his farm, but some of his political associates, hearing of the remark a few days later, took it up at once and made a political phrase of it. It was first confined only to the state of Ohio, but it has now become so common that no one ever takes the trouble to wonder where it originated."—Philadelphia Times.

Military Crimes. Hardship and privations do not improve the temper, and insubordination easily supervenes, while the temptation of drink, if it is to be had, is too often irresistible to weak but well meaning men long deprived of such dissipation.

Another fruitful source of transgression which, if we are to trust vague reports, became at times epidemic was the almost natural surrender to physical exhaustion, says Major Arthur Griffiths in The Fortnightly Review. To sleep on sentry is one of the most serious of military crimes. It is inexorable from the military point of view, for the safety of thousands may hang upon the vigilance of one man, yet the strain of some wearisome, long protracted march or fatiguing operations will sometimes explain what cannot be defended.

Now can we shut our eyes to possible guilt of a more contemptible, if not more flagrant, kind. Misbehavior before the enemy—conduct in plain English—is not absolutely unknown in our or any other army. It is wiser, perhaps, to draw a veil over its exhibition and the punishment that must follow, yet we cannot shut our eyes to the certainty of its occasional occurrence.

The Divinity of Justice. The one divine work, the one ordered sacrifice, is to do justice, and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that; as much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice; it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity.

You must build upon justice for this main reason—that you have not at first charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother—you can do that; whether you love him or not—and you will come to love him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with, but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home and is essentially love of yourself.—John Ruskin.

The Thoughtful Stork. On a tree close to a house, within a short distance of the river or canal, there was a stork's nest, with young ones. The nest of the house caught fire one day, and, though the flames did not actually reach the tree, the heat became scorching. So the mother stork flew down to the water, got into it and drenched her breast; then, returning to her young, she spread the mass of cool, wet feathers all over them. This she repeated over and over again, flying to the river, going down into the water and returning, her plumage drenched with wet. And thus the nest was saved, and the tender nestlings were preserved alive until the fire had been got under and all was safe. The truth of this remarkable story was vouched for by more than one eyewitness.—Cornhill.

What Weeping Means. Tears are the result of a nervous storm in the central nervous system, under which there is such a change in the vascular terminals of the tear-secreting glands that the excretion of water from the glands is profuse. Some excretion is always in progress in order that the surface of the eye may be kept moist and cleared of foreign matters which may come in contact with it, but the controlling center is at a distance.

Satisfied. Senator Grab—A man called on me this morning and offered me \$1,000 for my vote on a certain measure, but I refused it.

Political Purist—Bravo! You ought to have the approval of your conscience. Senator Grab—I have. We finally agreed on \$2,000.—Boston Post.

Accommodating. "The shovelfish of South America," said Uncle Jerry, "is the most accommodating fish there is. It has a snout in the shape of a shovel, and it will jump out on the bank and dig bait for you to catch it with."—Baltimore American.

POLLY LARKIN

You would be surprised to know how many little girls from 10 to 14 years of age help to earn their living by selling papers on the streets of San Francisco. Some of them are very neatly and warmly clad and their hands protected by gloves, but the majority of them seem to be attired in somebody's odds and ends of cast-off clothing and they are anything but neat. For this there is no excuse, for soap and water are expensive, but their environments have possibly made them careless; then, again, they may never have heard that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and doubtless it is an unknown quantity in their homes, where they never see anything but the ordinary and note the daily scramble for the very necessities of life. These little girls vie with the boys in selling papers, and some of them work up a regular line of customers who will not purchase their papers from anybody else but the wee lassies who are striving to earn their bread on the streets. They are never missing from their posts, rain or shine. The wind nearly takes them off their feet at times, but they cling courageously to their stock of papers that are a load in themselves in such childish arms, and their voices rise above the din made by the wind and the confused sound of wagons, street cars, etc. "Here's your morning or evening papers," as the case may be. It makes you feel that you want a well-filled pocket-book to meet the demand from this array of little folks and you feel almost blue and sadly out of temper sometimes to think that you must turn a deaf ear to their entreaties. You wonder what influence this kind of life is going to have on the lives of these children who have spent a great deal of their childhood on the streets battling for the dimes and cents. Some of them have already lost their sweet, innocent look and have become bold, rather too familiar with Tom, Dick and Harry, and have a look of defiance that is not in keeping with their years, old before their time and distrustful of people. They are shrewd and business-like, but to Polly's mind they have paid a heavy price for their knowledge, for it has robbed them of their sweet, confiding and trustful little ways that make the wee folks lovable.

Children are not the only ones who make their living by selling papers, for there are cripples and elderly people galore selling papers on the street corners. One little woman has grown gray in the service. Her husband was at one time fairly well to do, but by unfortunate speculation lost the money he had earned by dint of hard work and economizing. When he found that all was gone and that he must begin at the foot of the ladder again he lost all ambition, and to make matters worse suffered a stroke of paralysis. Wearily he dragged himself down town day after day to sell newspapers. Old friends went out of their way to buy a paper from him. He managed to eke out a bare existence for several years and then suffered another stroke of paralysis. From that time on he has been unable to leave the house, and his wife took up the burden. For years she has stood on a street corner, neatly and warmly clad, selling the morning and evening papers. She never asks you to buy one, but the old customers of her husband and friends they had known in their palmy days never forget to purchase their papers from her. It would be easier for them and more convenient to have them left at their homes, but they are loyal to their old friends. Her dark hair has become silver and her face tanned and brown, but she always carries the same gentle, quiet, ladylike demeanor that were her chief charms before her riches took wings. She has made a fairly good living for herself and crippled husband, who is fretting his life away at home.

On the same street corner for years has stood a blind man, who has the most dismal and sepulchral voice Polly has ever heard. It seems to be in keeping with his looks, and there is a despondent twang to it that fairly makes your blood run cold. On a placard hanging from his neck are the words, "I am blind." You feel that it is your duty to buy one of his papers when you hear him singing out in his dismal, rasping voice, "Morning papers, daily or weekly."

Then just around the corner is a cripple, sadly afflicted, but as cheery as a cricket. His voice has a pleasant ring to it as he calls the papers and the important headlines as he sits in his invalid chair. He has a pleasant word for this one, that one and the other one although much of the time he is suffering keenly from rheumatism that has rendered his feet useless. When the day's work is done some member of the family comes and wheels him home to his wife and children who are waiting with a warm welcome for him. He feels that he is independent and a help rather than a care, and he has made up his mind to be content and make the best of everything in spite of his suffering and the affliction that would make many a stronger man sink under the weight of his troubles.

Everybody is getting ready for the summer vacation and querying where they shall go, what they shall wear, etc. The materials for summer dresses are fairly bewitching this season and are made up so daintily, not only for the summer girl yet in her teens, but for all ages. The style of hats is also in keeping with the summer attire this year and has run to dainty straws,

chiffons, flowers galore and of every description, but they are not suitable except for summer resorts and in some of the popular boarding houses, etc. You need an entirely new outfit for camping and roughing it. One of the prettiest outfits I have seen for camping was made of blue and white ticking with short skirts, blouse waist and trimmed with pearl buttons. The undershirts were of the same material, a sunbonnet which resembled one of our old-time shakers, was made of the material which comes around tea and trimmed with blue and white zephyr gingham. For a change the young lady had a brown duck suit made in the same way, and very high tan shoes that were laced nearly to the knee. These had double soles and were made to order, and would have been a credit to an Alpine climber.

In answer to your question last week, "Jeannette W.," as to the best place for an outing for yourself and the little ones, where it would be convenient for your husband to join you on Saturday evening, I would advise you to get the little booklet called "Vacation for 1902," issued by the California and Northwestern Railway Company. It not only gives you the names of places galore, the summer resorts, the springs, boarding at beautiful country homes with all the luxuries you can dream of, hotels and private boarding-houses in the interior towns, but places for camping with every convenience and in one of the most beautiful sections of country in the United States. The picturesque scenery, the rippling streams and Russian river flowing for miles through rocky canyons beside this favored road. Here you can find just what you want and close enough to give the head of the family a delightful outing every week.

BRIEF REVIEW.

How Davis Was Trained. Richard Harding Davis, like most successful authors, had his day of grind and uphill effort before he finally found himself in "Van Bibber." "The Princess Aline," and all the rest. He had the usual trials of a man who starts out to do newspaper work, and yet who has distinct literary aspirations. The editor who passed on Davis' reportorial copy said that the hardest work he had was to remove the "literary touch" from Davis' reports, and he finally said, "For heaven's sake, Dick, remember that you are writing for a newspaper and not for Harper's Magazine." Not long afterward Davis was writing considerably for the Harpers, and their editors then had to grapple with the problem of how to get the journalistic idea out of Davis' extraordinarily clever literary work. All of which was rather wearying on the aspiring young author.

Women Should Laugh. Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle-making, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallness and its fun. It should be part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants and the many social duties that become a burden, all are made easy and possible to be put up with by a woman with an unflinching sense of the bright side of life. It is a sense that lasts through life, through its many ills, its disillusionments, its tribulations, even its tragedies.

Forest Protection in Russia. "Wooden Russia" is the name familiarly applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover 464,508,000 acres, or 36 per cent of the entire area of the country. Yet some fear is felt that the country may be deforested through the carelessness of private owners, and the Government is considering steps for the protection of the forests. In Russia, houses built of any other material than wood are almost unknown outside the cities, and wood constitutes the principal fuel.

Maine's Old-Time Fast Day. Maine is one of the few States that still observe more or less seriously, an annual fast day. Governor John F. Hill, in his proclamation, which is very brief, says: "This day, revered by the Fathers, comes to us consecrated by observances for many generations. It is appropriate that we should continue to respect a custom so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the people, and I earnestly recommend that the day be observed in a manner consistent with the purposes for which it has been set apart."

It is supreme human folly to get bitter in politics. There must be two parties. God intended it to be so. Can you imagine for a moment the existence of only one great party in the United States? An enlightened age is robbing funerals of their sadness and gloom. God says all things must die. Let us bow to his will in calmness and resignation.

The less a man has in his cupboard or in his head the bigger family he wants to raise.

When you are young nail down a good piece of land and don't pull out the nails.

A boy never amounts to much until he gets over being a dude.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Steamship Growth. For a time the largest vessels with the most powerful engines afloat were the steamships Paris and New York of the American line and the Teutonic and Majestic of the White Star line, but these were eclipsed by the Campania and the Lucentia, which were not only larger vessels, but had engines of 20,000 horsepower. These vessels are 600 feet long, 65 feet 3 inches beam and 25 feet mean draft, with a displacement of about 18,000 tons. The maximum horsepower of their twin screw engines is 31,000, which on trial gave a speed of over twenty-three knots. The success of the triple expansion engine and the possibility of carrying still higher pressures led to an early introduction of the quadruple expansion engine, where the pressures went up to over 200 pounds. The St. Louis and St. Paul have twin screw quadruple expansion engines carrying 210 pounds' pressure. More recently the steamer Deutschland, with the largest engines actually afloat, also has quadruple expansion engines. The Deutschland is 663 feet long, 67 feet beam, 28.5 feet draft and 23,200 tons displacement.—Engineering Magazine.

Wonders of an Acre. Samuel Cleek of Grand has the most remarkable acre in California. It embraces a barn and corral, covering 75 by 75 feet; rabbit hutch, 25 by 25 feet; residence and porch, 20 by 30 feet; two windmill towers, 16 by 16 feet; garden, 46 by 94 feet; blackberries, 16 by 90 feet; strawberries, 65 by 90 feet; citrus nursery, 90 by 98 feet, with 2,300 trees budded; one row of dewberries 100 feet long, 4 apricot trees, 2 oak trees, 3 peach trees, 6 fig trees, 10 locust trees, 30 assorted geraniums, 12 lemon trees seven years old, 1 eighty-year-old lime tree, from which he sold 190 dozen lemons last year; 8 orange trees in bearing, 4 breadfruit trees, 5 pomegranate trees, a patch of bamboo, 3 calla lilies, 4 prune trees, 3 blue gum trees, 6 yucca trees, 4 grapevines, 1 English ivy, 2 honeysuckles, 1 seed bed, 1 violet bed, 1 sage bed, 12 tomato vines and 13 hives of bees. After making a comfortable living for himself and wife off this single acre Mr. Cleek adds \$400 a year to his bank account.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Filipino. The Filipino, whether he be an educated or an uneducated person, is temperate. I do not remember to have seen a single Filipino drunk except my own coachman, whom I had to dismiss, and he was a very good coachman. They drink a great many of them, but they drink moderately. They drink the vino, which they purchase at small shops that are not loading places as our saloons are, but are only shops. I have lived two years in Manila, and there are now, I believe, 450 shops, a reduction from 2,500, the estimated number in the Spanish times. But I have never seen a vino shop to know it, which is an indication that there is no publicity about it or any gathering of a crowd in its neighborhood. The few American saloons, fifty or sixty in number in Manila, one can see a long distance off, but not so a vino shop.—Governor William H. Taft's Independent.

Golfers a Queer Lot. "I remember," says a brakeman quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "when I was a boy and one of the fellows would get a new baseball bat, how we would all want to take hold of it, balance it critically, swing it at an imaginary ball and give wise opinions as to its merits. Well, these golf players are much the same way, only they are grown men, and some of them pretty well along in years too. They generally get together up in the baggage car, and such a line of talk you never heard anywhere else outside a lunatic asylum. But when one of them produces a new stick it always reminds me of the old days and the baseball bat. Each man takes it in turn, strikes an attitude as though there was a golf ball on the floor of the car and swings it at it with all his might. And they are so very serious about it and so terribly in earnest! I tell you, they are a queer lot."

An Ingenious Present. A very ingenious wedding present has been received by a French bride from one of her relatives, who is a geographer. The present is a silver sugar bowl in the design of a terrestrial globe, the upper hemisphere forming the cover. The map of the earth has been elaborately engraved on the outside, and the route taken by the newly wedded pair is indicated by a line of lapis lazuli, the names of the towns at which a stay was made being inserted in enamel.

Suspended Vitality in Plants. A German chemist has prepared a fluid that has the power, when injected into the tissues of a plant near its roots, of anaesthetizing the plant. As a result of this injection the plant does not die, but stops growing, maintaining its fresh, green appearance, though its vitality is apparently suspended. Changes in temperature seem in no wise to affect the foliage, for the plant blooms in the open as well as in the most carefully constructed hot-house.

Olive Oil. A puzzling question has been asked frequently and does not appear to have been answered convincingly. It is this: "Why does olive oil cost so much in California which rival the best of those in Italy, Spain and France? The demand in the United States for choice olive oil is constant and large. Why is it that the price is still so high? Why cannot California furnish all that is asked for?"

The Norway Oath. Probably the most curious European oath is administered in Norway. The witness raises his thumb, his forefinger and his middle finger. These signify the Trinity, while the larger of the uplifted fingers is supposed to represent the soul of the witness and the smaller to indicate his body.

The Phillips Brooks House, at Cambridge, Mass., now has 559 contributors, representing not only the United States, but England, France, Turkey, Japan, China and South America.

A Cure in the Failure.

"Did you ever notice that, as a rule, the persons who seek death and are rescued from the grave never court the society of the dark angel again?" The propounder of the question was a hospital physician, and he proceeded to explain: "What I mean is that of all the persons who attempt suicide and are foiled but few try self murder a second time. Probably one-half, if not more, of all those who try to kill themselves are frustrated. The percentage of those who leap into the dark river a second time is exceedingly small. I have tried to discover the reason for this from the lips of those who have gone through the terrible experience, but I have not met with success. "It is queer that persons, after devoting weeks and months to a consideration of so momentous a question and deciding to end their existence, should, when foiled, declare that they were fools and swear never to do the like again. Yet this is what is done in a large majority of instances. Those who have started at death with a new life have the past is effaced; a new light seems to have dawned. The sunshine is dearer, the air is purer. It is the convalescent taking great drafts of the outdoor air with a keenness of relish that was unknown before."

Shooting Butterflies. An entomologist in South America tried his utmost, with the aid of the most up to date appliances, to secure some specimens of a beautiful swallowtail butterfly, but with no success. The little creature never came low enough. Chancing to meet a native after one of his many futile attempts, he mentioned the fact. The native undertook to procure several live specimens for a shilling apiece and on the following day presented himself to the delighted naturalist with six butterflies. It was not till the entomologist was about to leave the district that he disclosed his method. The natives are very skillful in the use of their blow gun, often killing big game with darts blown therefrom. In this instance, the man waited till the butterfly had settled, then blew a pellet at it with sufficient force to stupefy it for the time. The capture was easy.

Order in the House. The French parliament was not always famous for the excitement and turmoil of its debates. In the old monarchial days, before the revolution, the sessions of the old parliament were exceedingly dull and prosy affairs. One day, it is related, a noble count was trying to make a speech, and a very prosy speech it was, while all the other members were either chatting or resting. Presently the president of the body rapped slightly with his baton. "If those gentlemen who are talking to each other," said he, "would kindly make no more noise than those gentlemen who are snoring, it would be much appreciated by those gentlemen who are trying to listen."

A Ship Under Sail. A ship under full sail is a truly magnificent spectacle, and there is an exhilaration in the wind that sweeps across her decks which can be appreciated only by those who have breathed it. But if you were 'tween decks when she is flying along in such grand style you would hear a creaking and groaning with every motion. A ship is built of perpendicular frames and horizontal planking, and as the waves shift low and pressure the ship "works." This wears out the caulking in the seams first, and later on the frames themselves begin to weaken.

Speaking by the Card. Mrs. Trumpem—So your friend Smith is the proud father of triplets, is he? Trumpem—Not that I know of. Who said so? Mrs. Trumpem—Why, you were talking in your sleep last night and said: "Got three of a kind, have you, Smith? Well, that beats me, old man." Trumpem—Did I? Well, I wonder whatever made me dream such a fool thing as that?—Chicago News.

How Egyptians Used to Shave. It is believed that there even was a time when every orthodox Egyptian ran the shaving foil over his face, scalp and neck once in every forty-eight hours. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both face and head.

A Court Proceedure. "No, Mr. Blagstun," the young woman said, "I respect and esteem you, but I can never marry you." "Was and is that your final verdict, Miss Haggins?" asked the young lawyer, pale, but self possessed.—Chicago Tribune.

Cinnamon as an Antiseptic. No living germ of disease can resist the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon for more than a few hours. In destroying microbes it is not less effective than corrosive sublimate. Even the scent kills them. A decoction of cinnamon should be drunk in localities where typhoid fever or cholera prevails.

Better Than a Sermon. Mammy—Bless mah heart, if de chile ain't cuttin' his eyetooth! Little Rastus (in alarm)—What's an eyetooth, mammy? Mammy—Why, de eyetooth, chile, watches ebery word dat yo' tongue uttels, an' ebery time yo' says a bad word it'll pain dat good eyetooth so much dat it'll acide fo' two hounsh—Puck.

His Identity. Philip was saying his prayers before going to bed and ended his supplication with, "Amen, Philip Evans?" "Why, Philip, why did you say that?" asked his mother. "Well," he replied, "I didn't want God to mix me up with Brother Ed. He does act so dreadfully!"—Boston Transcript.

Early Explanation. "And she married Jagers, did she? Well, well! How on earth did that come about?" "So far as I can learn, it is owing to a mutual misunderstanding."—Brooklyn Life.

Comparing Families. Harold—My ancestors were all honest, but they were not stylish. "That's all right. My ancestors were all stylish, but so far as I can learn they wouldn't pay their debts."—Detroit Free Press.

A man needs exercise as well as a schoolboy, but take it moderate. Some of the gnarled and knotted frames of early age are the rheumatic bodies of overworked acrobats.—Schoolmaster.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Case For Regret. "I never was any good at a bargain," she exclaimed in disappointment. "Been cheated again?" asked her husband. "Yes," she said, "I have, and it's all the fault of you and the baby too. It cost so much for the doctor last year that I made an arrangement with Dr. Squills to give us whatever attention we needed for a stipulated sum, payable monthly, and there hasn't been a bit of sickness in the house since. Nothing disagrees with the baby any more, and as for you—well, if you don't catch cold or get the grip or sprain your ankle or something you're a mean, loveable wretch, and I won't believe you love me at all. Just think of paying out that that money for nothing!"—Chicago Post.

A Winner. La Montt—Tibbens is original. He was afraid to approach the old miser for his daughter's hand, so he wrote a postal. La Moyné—Of course he got turned down? La Montt—Not at all. The old miser said any one as economical as Tibbens deserved his daughter's hand.—Chicago News.

No Conversation. Barber—You're next, sir. Hair cut? Pepprey—Yes, and here, put this in your pocket for yourself. Barber—Thank you, sir. I don't often get my tip before I begin, and I appreciate—Pepprey—I don't want you to consider that a tip, but "hush money."—Philadelphia Press.

Looking For Solace. "There's only one comfort to be drawn from a volcanic eruption," said the optimist. "What is that?" "It must grind the feelings of the coal barons fearfully to see such an enormous consumption of fuel without being able to collect a cent."—Washington Star.

What It Was.



In Billious Town. Briggs—Are you acquainted with Bickers? Griggs—Well, not very intimately. I never saw him until a week ago. I have already been introduced to his liver and kidneys, however, but as yet I haven't heard a word about his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

A Matrimonial Recommendation. Mr. Mack—If I find an eligible young man, what shall I tell him about you, Miss Amy? Miss Amy—Oh, tell him I'm very accomplished and agreeable—tell him you saw me running the lawn mower.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Finance. "I heard a terrible noise in the kitchen last night, Bridget. I hope you did not break anything?" "Sure, old mum, me finance, the policeman, was there, and I wuz after breakin' the engagement."—Yonkers Statesman.

One In the Dark. "Beware," said the fortune teller, "of a tall, dark man." "You are trying to black male me!" faltered the fair young maid.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Shrewd. Old Gentleman—Throw away that cigar. Tenement Jim—Not much, mister. Go an' find yer own butt!—Ohio State Journal.

One Exception. Young Softsmith—Love levels all things, they say. Old Grimm—All things but the head.—Puck.

Comparing Families. Harold—My ancestors were all honest, but they were not stylish. "That's all right. My ancestors were all stylish, but so far as I can learn they wouldn't pay their debts."—Detroit Free Press.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.) "Teddy's Terrors," a strong political club of Los Angeles, Cal., composed of the most prominent business and professional men of that city, have sent to President Roosevelt the most unique invitation to become the guest of the club ever received by a president. California has an elaborate way of inviting presidents to visit her cities, but none of them compares with that of the organization known as "Teddy's Terrors." The invitation was not presented by hand, as is customary. It is so large and so enthusiastic that it had to come by express and was supplemented by the personal efforts and visit of Senators Perkins and Bard. The invitation is printed on a whole calfskin beautifully prepared for the purpose. The printing is of the most artistic and costly design and is worded as follows: Los Angeles, Cal., March 30, 1902. We're glad to have a roundup, and we shore want yer mighty bad. Feed and water plenty. Stock's fat. Brandin' iron's ready when yer gets here. Come on, will yer? TEDDY'S TERRORS, To Theodore Roosevelt, the President, Washington.

The calfskin invitation is inclosed in a beautifully mounted box made from giant redwood trees of California. The box contains silver and other mountings. The invitation is a general one to the president to come whenever he sees fit, at which time there will be a "round-up." The members of the club wear rough rider uniforms. President Roosevelt is going to California next spring and will undoubtedly visit Los Angeles. Just before President McKinley went to the west, more than a year ago, he received from the Knights Templars of San Francisco an invitation engraved on a plate of solid gold and containing a diamond setting of the intrinsic value of which was placed at more than \$500.

Speeches in the House. Mr. Cowherd of Missouri thinks the house is growing less inclined to listen to speeches. "I recall only one speech this session," said he, "that commanded complete silence in the chamber. It was the speech of Mr. Cushman of Washington. He surely had an attentive audience. When I first came to congress, such things were not the exception."

Increased Real Estate Prices. The laying of the cornerstone of the McKinley Memorial Hall of Government at the American university has directed attention to the northwest section of Washington. It was proposed to Bishop Hurd when he purchased the grounds for the university site that he secure 300 acres instead of 100, setting aside 400 acres to be sold to establish an endowment fund for the university. It is evident that had the friends of the university foreseen the rapid growth of the city in that direction this would have been done, as millions of dollars could have been realized had that amount of property been sold at the present prices.

The university campus was purchased for \$1,200 per acre, and that was considered a fair price at that time, but there is no acreage property now anywhere to be had that is at all desirable in that vicinity for less than from \$4,000 to \$6,000 per acre. It may be remembered that the Barber property of thirty acres was bought for \$120,000 and sold to the cathedral foundation eighteen months afterward for \$240,000, and this is but a sample of many more recent transactions. The Cleveland house was purchased for \$30,000, sold to Mr. Newlands for \$150,000, from whom Colonel Fleming bought two acres, including the old house, for \$40,000 and has since refused \$75,000 for the same piece.

Mr. Moody's Early Career. Secretary of the Navy Moody enjoys horseback exercise as much as the president. There is a difference between the two men—one likes to ride in the afternoon after he has completed his day's work, and the other believes that a canter in the early morning freshens him for the toil of the day. The president rallies from the White House and mounts his horse promptly at 4 o'clock. Mr. Moody rises shortly before 7 o'clock and, with a good horse under him, takes a turn about the White House and monument grounds or does a short distance into the suburbs of the city.

Judge Brewer's Wit. Justice Brewer is not only an erudite scholar, but he possesses a pretty wit, and now and then one of his sallies will bring a smile to the faces even of his grave colleagues on the bench. The other day in delivering an address at the commencement exercises of the College for the Deaf and Dumb the Justice remarked that he had never spoken to such an audience before, but that when sitting on the bench he had often wished that lawyers were dumb and justices deaf.

Plainest Man in Congress. In the prospective retirement of Frank Eddy of Minnesota, who leaves politics to go into business, congress will lose its plainest looking as well as one of its cleverest men. Eddy is the man who tells of himself that when a political opponent accused him of being two faced he replied by asking the audience to look at his face and judge for themselves if he would be apt to use this one if he had two to choose from.

Doubles. Mr. Lloyd of Missouri and Mr. Prince of Illinois frequently are confused because of their identity. Each has a handsome flowing mustache, a fine musical voice and easy, gentlemanly address. CARL SCHOFIELD.

Hard on the Parson. The village clergyman went away for his holiday, and a neighbor took his Sunday duties. After the substitute had preached his first sermon he remarked to the clerk in the vestry: "I am sorry, John, that I gave you such a short discourse, but the reason is that the dog got into my study and tore up several leaves of my sermon." The clerk gazed wistfully upon the speaker and said: "Oh, sir, do you think you could spare our parson a pup?"